"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

STARTLING FACTS!

The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks, and the following suggests the best remedy: Alphonso Hemphill, of Butler, Pa., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance, Dr. Miles' Great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. R. Miller, of Valparaiso, Ind., J. D. Taylor, of Logansport, Ind., each gained 20 pounds from taking it. Mrs. B. A. Gardner, of Victoria, Ind., was cured of fits by one bottle and a day, and much headache, dizziness, backache, and nervous prostration, by one bottle. Daniel Myers, Brooklyn, Mich., says his daughter was cured of insanity of ten years' standing. Trial bottles and fine book of marvelous cures, FREE at druggists. This remedy contains no opiates.

Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. Dr. MILES' PILLS speedily cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Sample free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

A Family Affair

Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.

Hires Root Beer

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK

is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

MOTIVE POWER — **HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES**

Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just light the burner, like the wheel, and it runs all day.

MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

No double or false explosions, so frequent with the intermittent spark.

For Simplicity it Beats the World.
It Oils Itself Automatically,
No Batteries or Electric Spark.
It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any Other Engine.

FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS APPLY TO
PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS,
San Francisco, Cal. and Portland, Or.

Columbia Poultry Yards,

J. M. BRENTS, Manager.
Lock Box 1210, Seattle, Wash

Breeders of Thoroughbred Poultry of following varieties:

S. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Brown Leghorns, White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Pit Games, Black Langshans, Light Brahmas, Buff Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Toulouse Turkeys.

Send for Circular and Price List.

HUMOR

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

A Burglar Who Was Beat at His Own Game.

"Occasionally," said a retired burglar, "a man transfers to himself in a single night the accumulations of another man's lifetime, but these instances are very rare, and nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that burglary is a quick and easy road to wealth. The fact is that the great majority of burglars make but a scant living, and to make even that they must encounter many difficulties and dangers. The burglar's reward, whatever it may be, is never commensurate to the risks he takes.

"I have myself acquired some property, but if I had my life to live over again I should choose some other occupation than burglary. Indeed, when you come to consider the inconvenient hours and the general worry and uncertainty of that business, the wonder is that anybody should ever go into it; if a man is at all inclined to be sensitive he should certainly keep out of it.

"I remember a long time ago going late one night into a room in which there was one man sleeping. His clothes were on a chair near the head of the bed. I was bending over those clothes and about to take them out into the hall, when the man suddenly woke up.

"Without an instant's hesitation he threw his arms around me. I was young then and strong, but this man was four times as strong as I was. I think he could have crushed me if he had wanted to, and he put me out of the house with the greatest ease. But before he did that he carried me over to the bureau and turned up the light. As he looked at me my watch chain caught his eye, and do you know that that man took my watch and chain and kept them?"—New York Sun.

A Mule of Quality.

Old Uncle Joe was sunning himself in front of his cabin as I rode up on a mule I had borrowed over in the neighboring town.

"Want to buy a mule, Uncle Joe?" I called to him.

The old man without replying rose slowly, and limping out to where I was, walked around the animal, making a critical survey.

"What's he wuf, colonel?" he inquired.

"About a hundred dollars, I should say."

"That's a lot of money for a mewel, colonel," said the old man doubtfully, "but mewels das got de proper qualities is wuf money, I reckon."

"Well, this one is warranted sound in wind, limb and bottom."

Uncle Joe made another survey.

"Air he one ob dem yar kickin mewels?" he asked innocently.

"Certainly not," I replied, without knowing anything about it. "He's persectly safe."

The old fellow started back toward the cabin at once.

"Doan' want 'im at no price, colonel," he said, shaking his head. "Cain't tell dis nigga a mewel is sound in his min an body ef he doan' kick. I'se been fotch up wid 'em, colonel, an w'en a mewel doan' kick sumpin is rajically wrong wid 'em sho's you bawn. 'Deed dey is, colonel."—Detroit Free Press.

Only a Brief Stay.

He was one of those dry old visitors, and as he settled his portly frame into a Murray rotunda rocker after his after dinner smoke, a dashing, fashionably dressed young man rushed up, held out his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, I declare, judge, when did you get in?"

"Oh, t'other day. When did you come?" returned the judge.

"Last night, over the Burlington."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"As long as my money holds out?" chuckled the young man.

"Sorry you're going to leave so soon," observed the judge, without cracking a smile.—Texas Siftings.

The Relationship Changed.

Little Bessie's doll had lost one eye, its face was cracked, one arm was gone and most of its internal sawdust had departed. She placed it in a sitting posture on the floor in the corner of her playhouse, examined its forlorn and shrunken figure with a critical eye, and said regretfully yet decidedly:

"You can stay in the family if you want to, Dolly, but after this I'm only going to be a stepmother to you."—Chicago Tribune.

Effective.

There is only one thing to be done if you own a white horse and the color of your best girl's hair is—red.—Brooklyn Life.

The Slavery of Marriage.

Young Wife—Marriage is disappointing in some things.

Girl Friend—You have found it so?

Y. W.—Yes. Before we were married John said when I became his wife I should be my own mistress.

G. F.—Well, aren't you?

Y. W.—(gloomily)—No; I have a servant girl.—New York Press.

In a Cafe.

Swell Young Man—I say, can you give me change for a fifty?

Waiter (promptly)—Yes, sir; here's two quarters.—Detroit Free Press.

ART ON THE BOWERY.

Genuine Hand Painted Pictures in Oil Turned Out by the Yard.

There is an artist on the Bowery who not only takes the cake, but appropriates the cake basket and has designs upon whatever cold, artistic pie there may be lying around. His studio is a big plate glass show window, and he paints all day in full view of the enthralled populace peculiar to the Bowery. The throngs along the old Dutch cowpath have never been known to become enthused over any work of art beyond the portraits of the fat woman and the lean man in front of the dime museums. A clever sign in a saloon window announcing that the free lunch therein is of an extraordinary good quality sometimes draws attention, but as a rule genuine art is subordinated to other attractions.

This artist, however, who does real oil paintings "while you wait," is rapidly educating the Bowery boys to the higher plane of art, from whence it can be looked with pleasure on the beauties of a landscape. He paints with his back to the audience, who can, however, see the growing richness of the canvas, and at the same time observe that one of "these real hand painted pictures is given away to the purchaser of every five dollars worth of goods within."

From the amazing combinations that grow and glow under the touch of the brush one would think that some of Fra Angelica's angels were invisibly at work for him, and certainly Turner's ghost would flee gibbering to the remote confines of the other world at the wonderful color, the striking studies of the Swiss skies and snow capped mountains, blue lakes and forests.

Artemus Ward once said that he exhibited one of his pictures and the critics said it was the only thing of the kind they had ever seen. The same critics would say the same of these works of art. The amount of green, blue, orange, red and purple that are used in depicting real Swiss mountain scenery undoubtedly stamps with truth the claim of the proprietor that "the oil paint used, gentlemen, is alone worth the price of the picture." It is a new valuation to be put upon a work of art, but there are many now hanging in great galleries of which the same thing could truthfully be said.

As the artist paints, wearing a pair of huge overalls and using a large palette, his audience crowds three deep on the sidewalk outside.

"Tell ye w'ot, Smuggy," says one unsavory individual who has been turning his head from side to side and half closing his eyes after the manner of more renowned but equally ignorant critics, "that mug's jist chain lightnin on doin up them pictures. He'd be great if he wasn't a advertisin dodge for the bloke that runs the joint."

"That's so," remarked an old and tattered guest of a cheap lodging house. "Guess he must be makin a pile of money if he works by de piece. Gits paid for it by de square inch, see? Dat's de way all dese blokes work. Better'n bricklayin."

A tall, lean, melancholy young man, with long hair and a faded ulster, who might have been an artist himself, turned sadly around and said:

"No, it isn't, my very good friend; no, it isn't."

A neighboring hand organ played "Annie Rooney."—New York Advertiser.

Huge Stones from the Moon.

In a catalogue of Mexican meteorites prepared by M. Antonio del Castillo one mass is mentioned which exploded in the air and fell in widely dispersed fragments, portions of it being found in three places at the angles of a triangle whose two longer sides were some fifty-five and thirty-five miles in length. In one of these places two plates of stone were discovered, lying about 250 yards apart, which had evidently once formed one huge block. Measurements and estimations place the combined weight of the two blocks at eighty tons. In this one shower of "moon stones," according to M. del Castillo's paper, not less than 3,000 tons of rocks fell.—St. Louis Republic.

Important Information.

A Texas lawyer undertook to cross examine a colored witness, Jim Webster.

"What's your name?"

"Jim Webster."

"What's your occupation?"

"I drives a dray."

"Have you a brother who looks like you and drives a dray?"

"He am dead."

"What was he before he died?"

"Alive."—Texas Siftings.

The Age of a Bison.

The bison lives to an age of from thirty to fifty years, the bull being more long lived than the cow. When they grow very old both bull and cow become blind and lose their teeth, so that they cannot provide themselves with sufficient food, and finally dwindle away and die.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Women Fearless in Battle.

The French never faced a more valiant savage enemy than the women of Dahomey proved to be. Time and again they rushed up to the French intrenchments in spite of a storm of bullets which laid hundreds of their number low.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STEAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner. COLONEL J. OLMSTED.
Liberty Street

Origin of the Roman Numerals.

Silas B. Beach, in his treatise on the alphabet, numerals and characters, says: I will now give you some observations on the origin of the Roman numerals. Hold up your hands before you, palms outward, thumbs at an acute angle. Begin on the left: little finger, I; little and ring finger, II; little finger, ring finger and middle finger, III; all the fingers of the left hand, IIII; the hand and thumb at an acute angle form a perfect V; or, in place of the IIII, as given above, use the fourth finger from the left, still holding the thumb at an acute angle, and we have the IV. Now pass to the right hand. The thumb and hand held at the same angle as before gives us VI; by using the index and middle finger we get the characters VII, while the thumb and the three large fingers make a plain VIII. Now join the two V's angle by the thumbs, inverting one, and we have X or ten. Then use the X with the last little figure before it and it will give IX.

The combinations following X are obvious. The forefinger of the left hand with the thumb at right angle makes a perfect L; the little finger of the left hand carried toward the thumb, a C, the initial of centum one hundred, and so on with the hundreds. Now join the two thumbs with the forefingers, or two V's inverted (AA), and use them for the 1,000 mark and you have the hieroglyphics complete. I little thought that the two hands were the foundation of the Roman numerals until I had traced out three alphabets.—St. Louis Republic.

Little Mistake.

The officious counter jumper is an unmitigated nuisance, but he flourishes and multiplies nevertheless. And of all seasons of the year he is most numerous about the holidays. He so rarely gets his just deserts that it is a pleasure to record one instance where he did get it. To accommodate the holiday rush a State street firm put in a large force of extras. One day the proprietor, while discussing the quality of a piece of goods with the agent of a New York house, remarked that the easiest way to prove his point would be to get a sample of the cloth in question. Excusing himself, he walked down to a counter presided over by one of the new hands and asked to be shown a certain kind of goods. "There, that's it!" exclaimed the proprietor; "let me have a small sample of it, if you please, right away."

"We don't do that kind of business here," rudely replied the altitudinous young man.

"What kind of business don't you do?" calmly asked the unknown employer.

"We don't give any samples of our goods."

"Oh, don't you? That's too bad. Perhaps, then, you wouldn't mind giving me a sample of your hair, for remembrance before I kick you into the street. If you don't want to do that, go down to the cashier's desk, give him this card and ask him for a sample of your salary."—Chicago Mail.

An Organ in the Tenth Century.

Wolston speaks of an organ containing 400 pipes which was erected in the Tenth Century in England. This instrument was blown by "thirteen separate pairs of bellows." It also contained a large keyboard. There are drawings of that period extant which represent the organ as an instrument having but few pipes, blown by two or three persons and usually performed on by a monk. The keys, which were played upon by hard blows of the fist, were very clumsy and from four to six inches broad.

About the end of the Eleventh century semitones were introduced into the keyboard, but to all appearances its compass did not extend beyond three octaves. The introduction of pedals in 1490 by Bernhardt—giving a compass B flat to A—was another important contribution to the instrument. These were merely small pieces of wood operated by the toe of the player.—Daniel Spillane in Popular Science Monthly.

A Whistling Oyster.

The proprietor of a London chophouse, some years ago made fame and fortune by the discovery of a musical oyster. A distinct whistling sound came from a newly opened barrel of oysters. With eagerness he hunted for the cause, and found an oyster which seemed to amuse itself by whistling. The innkeeper advertised it, and hundreds came daily to his hostelry to listen to the musical oyster. In due time the oyster died, and its secret died with it. It is supposed that the sound was caused by the inspiration and expiration of air through a tiny hole in the shell. To this day the inn is known as "The Whistling Oyster."—Yankee Blade.

The Tornado Crop Still Large.

The tornado whirls at a rate variously estimated from 500 to 2,000 miles an hour. Though ephemeral and diminutive it has vastly greater violence. To class it a "cyclone" is to belittle its terrors. True, cyclones are exceedingly scarce, while tornadoes are numbered by the hundred every season.—Boston Globe.

Judging a Man by His Dog.

When you need a friend don't pick out the man whose dog never wants to follow him.—Ram's Horn.

The Sworn Tormentors of the Inquisition,

What cared they for the groans of the victims as he lay stretched upon the rack? Yet people whose hearts are neither as hard as stone, nor whose fortitude is excessive, often have no pity on themselves—voluntarily incur life long torture by neglect. Rheumatism, the most obstinate of complaints is perhaps, more neglected than any other, the preliminary twinges being set down as a "cold in the bones" which will pass away of itself. Vain delusion! Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a potent safeguard against the dangerous malady because of the promptness to attack the heart, the heart, the seat of life. Neuralgia is also effectually counteracted and relieved by the Bitters. Malaria, kidney complaints, debility, indigestion, la grippe, and the inability to sleep are among the complaints eradicable with this genial corrective.

THE NEW YORK RACKET STORE

Receives goods every week from headquarters. This week a lot of Flouncings, White and Black; Ladies Long Sleeve and Sleeveless Vests, Veilings, Window Shades, Men's and Boy's Outing Cloth, and Black Satteen Shirts, Prints, Ginghams, Drills, Cambrics, Heavy Ticking, Muslin Bleached and Brown, Hosiery for Men, Women and Children, and Shoes of all kinds, Hats of all kinds, all to be sold at Racket Prices. All that examine find them low.

E. T. BARNES,

333 Commercial Street,
Cottle Block.

MAN'S COURAGE.

Now the battle smoke was rolled
By the steady evening wind,
Cloud or shadow there was none,
And the penetrating sun
Filled up every niche and fold
Of the landscape's far-off mold
With the all pervading light.

From our table, 'neath the height
Where we see the dark lips part
On the comfort, like a chart,
Land, a line as fit as dream,
Where we hung above the half
Of the dint whose every trend
Left a footprint marked in red,
We could count from breath to breath
Every foe's and comrade's death.
Every man of us described
Every effort of our side,
Every movement of the foe
In the smoking rock below.

Not a man but understood
All that passed and all that would
Come, as clear as he whose mind
Steered the squadrons, deaf and blind,
Through the breakers that upburst
Where the cannon did their worst.
We could see our time draw near;
With the knowledge grew our fear.
Every dying agony
Each of us could plainly see—
Seemed to each man's entire despair
His own death prefigured there.

Through each smoke wreath's curling form
Visions rose to us of home,
Memories of tender words,
Perfumes, morning songs of birds,
Faces to each man grew plain
He might never see again;
Voices whispered, "The most brave
Hear no love words in the grave."

There we saw from where we lay
The day's crisis, like a flower,
Bloom into the coming hour;
Saw our foemen's utmost strength
Hurled on all our lines at length;
Saw our need and danger grow;
Felt the waiting moments go
While the balance wavered yet;
Saw how desperately met
All the lines before our hands;
Knew the day was in our hands;
Knew that not one chance in ten
Was with any sons of men
In the path that lay before.

Then, in all that trenchant roar,
When no man of us could choose,
Not know all he had to lose,
All we might and might not win,
Mounted orders clattered in;
And, with our great task plain in sight,
Our foes seen in the clear light,
Steady, without sound of drum,
Dumb, as a machine is dumb,
All our front with bayonets marged
Like an avalanche we charged.
—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

Stoves of the Middle Ages.

The stoves of the Middle Ages and of the era of the Roman empire and throughout Germany and Scandinavia generally were built of brick, tiles or similar material, and were so large as to be stationary, sometimes taking up the whole side of a room; and in the latter country in winter the couches and blankets were spread thereon and the family used them in lieu of the bedsteads of subsequent years.

The fire was built at the bottom, and the heat and smoke passed through various flues, distributing warmth, before they made their exit to the chimney. Some of them were faced with porcelain, and were highly ornamental. It may be remembered that a specimen of one of these was shown in the Swedish department of the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.—Philadelphia Press.

Resting the Face.

"Sit down and rest your hands and face," was the cheery invitation given me as I entered a friend's office recently and I smiled. I was pleased with his cordial manner and the idea of resting my face struck me as funny. Come to think of it, there is a good deal that is serious in the thought. Why not rest the face once in a while otherwise than by sleep? The face of the average human being is required to do a good deal of work, unconsciously as we come to believe, but work just the same. Sadness, pleasure, affection, pain, surprise, worry, fear, insincerity, fun, deceit, humor, all these things each in a hundred different forms, call on the face for help and never in vain. Rest the face, indeed, why not?—Detroit Free Press.

A Lively Day.

A down town carriage maker says that one day not long ago a dumb man walked into his shop and picked up a hub and spoke. Shortly after a blind man came in, who took up a hammer and saw, and in the afternoon a deaf boy drove into the barnyard his father's horse and herd. The carriage maker is watching for the fulfillment of these omens.—Springfield Homestead.

The Astute Office Boy.

Office Boy—There was a man in the front office wanted to see you, but I felt purty sure he had a bill, so I told 'im you wasn't in.

Jinks—What made you think he had a bill?

Office Boy—Oh, he had a sneakin, hangdog sort of a look.—Good News.

Old newspapers are said to make valuable antimoth wrappers for furs and winter clothing, the ink upon them being nearly as repulsive to all kinds of vermin as camphor or coal tar paper. They are likewise good to lay on carpets for a like purpose.

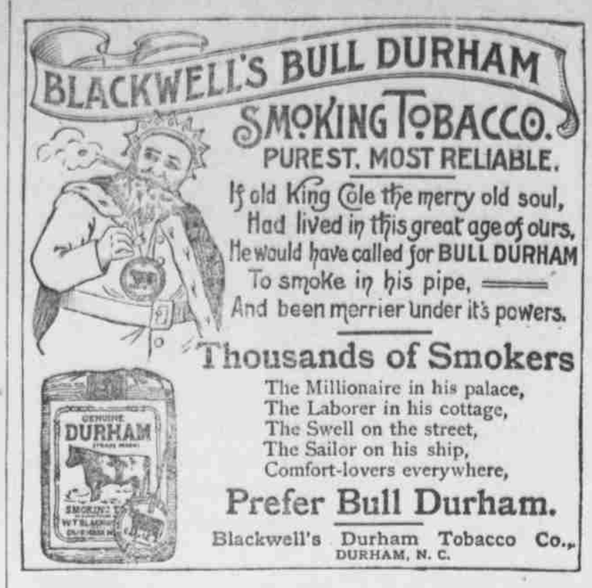
Thackery says, "We grieve at being found out, and at the idea of shame and punishment, but the mere sense of wrong makes very few people unhappy."

Great junks have now disappeared from China, having given place to a few steam vessels, for the country is progressing a little, at least in navigation.

The difference between notoriety and reputation is something that few politicians can ever seem to understand.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at Dan'l J. Fry's Drugstore, 255 Com'l St.



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Le Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2 Cures—Tertiary, Mercurial Syphilitic Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones, Pains in the Head, back of the Neck, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Syphilitic Rash, Lumps and contracted Cords, Stiffness of the Limbs, and eradicates all disease from the system, whether caused by indiscretion or abuse of Mercury, leaving the blood pure and healthy. **Price $5 00 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Anodote for the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet Irritation Gravel, and all Urinary or Genital disarrangements. **Price $3 50 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Spanish Injection, for severe cases of Gonorrhoea, Inflammatory Gleet, Strictures, &c. **Price $1 50 per Bottle.**

Le Richau's Golden Ointment for the effective healing of Syphilitic Sores and eruptions. **Price $1 00 per Box.**

Le Richau's Golden Pills—Nervous and Brain treatment, loss of physical power, excess or over-work, Prostration, etc. **Price $3 00 per Box.**

Tonic and Nervine.

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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:05 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 4:40 p. m.
11:17 a. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 1:40 p. m.
6:50 p. m.	Ar.	Roseburg	Lv. 7:00 a. m.

Albany Local, Daily Except Sunday.

3:00 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 10:30 a. m.
7:52 p. m.	Lv.	Salem	Lv. 7:35 a. m.
9:00 p. m.	Ar.	Albany	Lv. 6:30 a. m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

Second Class Sleeping Cars.

For accommodation of passengers holding second class tickets attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis:

DAILY—(EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 5:30 p. m.
12:10 p. m.	Ar.	Corvallis	Lv. 12:35 p. m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

4:40 p. m.	Lv.	Portland	Ar. 8:20 a. m.
7:25 p. m.	Ar.	McMinnville	Lv. 5:45 a. m.

Through Tickets

—To all points—

EAST and SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., apply to the Company's agent Salem, Oregon.

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. and Pass. Ag't.
R. KOEHLER, Manager.

From Terminal or Interior Points the

Northern Pacific Railroad

Is the line to take

To all Points East and South.

It is the dining car route. It runs through vestibule trains every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(No change of cars.)

Composed of dining cars unsurpassed, Pullman drawing room sleepers Of latest equipment

TOURIST Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of first and second-class tickets, and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A continuous line connecting with all lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman sleeping car reservations can be secured in advance of any agent of the road.

Through tickets to and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent or

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First street, cor. Washington, Portland, Oregon.

SHAW & DOWNING, Agents.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD

And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 225 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

TIME SCHEDULE. (Except Sundays.)

Leave Albany	1:00 P M
Leave Corvallis	1:40 P M
Arrive Yaquina	5:00 P M
Leave Yaquina	6:45 A M
Leave Corvallis	10:35 A M
Arrive Albany	11:15 A M

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight Rates Always the lowest. For information apply to Messrs HOLMAN & Co., Freight and Ticket Agents 200 and 202 Front st., Portland, Or.

C. C. HOGUE, Ass't Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. R. Co., Corvallis, Or.

C. H. HASWELL, Jr. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agt. Oregon Development Co., 204 Montgomery st.